

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



This is a story of a young 18 year old submissive white girl of the 1840's, who is made a slave by, and for her 20 year old black slave maid. She is forced to service the black maid and her older slave brother, who is charged by the young white girl's papa to take care of his hunting dogs. If you are offended by the subject of fantasy slavery, white and black couplings, or bestiality, do not read this story.

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## Part One

Kathryn was roughly awakened from a deep sleep by her maid. Putting her mouth to Kathryn's ear, Molly said. "Wake up you lazy girl, I have something you need to do." Kathryn fought to understand what was going on. It was still pitch dark outside and she wasn't used to getting up in the middle of the night. She couldn't understand why her maid would wake her at such an hour, and could only mutter. "What's happening, why did you wake me up at this time of night?" As she slid out of her warm bed, she was led by Molly out onto the veranda that surrounded the mansion. "Don't you worry about why, you just do what I tell you, and go where I say you go... and with that, Kathryn was led down the outside steps, and across the broad yard, towards her papa's dog kennel?"

Kathryn was becoming frightened as she was led further and further from the house clad only in her thin nightgown. Being a small delicate girl, she had always done as she was told by everyone in her family, and had never been able to stand up to her parents. Since her mother had died a year and a half ago, Molly, one of her papa's slaves, and her maid, had seemed to exert more and more control over her, and she couldn't seem to do anything about it. It started after her mother's funeral with Molly, who was 2 years older at 20, telling her she should change her clothes, and then she told her what to wear. Kathryn was despondent over the death of her mother, and it was just easier to do as she was told, even if Molly was just her slave girl. This quickly became the norm, as long as her papa wasn't around. If he was, everything was "don't you think you should do this or that" instead of ordering her to do it outright, like she did when her papa was gone, but she knew it was an order none the less. For some reason, Kathryn found that she liked being told what to do, finding that it excited her to be ordered about by her black slave girl. Molly's power over the young white girl had rapidly expanded after that, to include just about everything in her life.

Being drug across the yard, Kathryn thought back to two weeks ago. Molly had started to make her do naughty things to her, to make her put her mouth on her private place. This frightened her, because she found that it was exciting her so much that she couldn't refuse, and made her private place become very wet and liquid, her belly feeling as if it had a knot in it. The more she was made to do these things, the more excited she became, and the less she was able to resist doing what she was ordered to do. Molly would order her to suck on her nipples and lick her between her legs, to stick her tongue right between her girlie lips. God help her, she was ashamed of herself, but she liked being made to do it because it made her feel as if she were melting between her legs. It made her aware of a deep need in her belly, but she didn't know what that desperate need was.

This had gone on several times a day for a week or so. Then while she was licking Molly's slit like she had been ordered to do, Molly began to squeeze and knead Kathryn's breasts, causing feelings she had never felt before. She found herself pushing her soft breasts into Molly's hands. Her dress was quickly unfastened and pulled down off her shoulders to expose her milky white breasts. Molly cupped the firm mounds in her hands, and began rolling the pale pink nipples between her thumb and forefingers.

The touch of her black slaves' hands on her hot flesh caused her large pink areoles to crinkle up as her nipples hardened. Her private place twitched and clenched, and became soaked with her juices as her nipples sent sharp jolts of pure pleasure directly to her cunny. The feeling quickly became so overpowering, that she could hardly catch her breath. As Molly lowered her face, and took a nipple into her mouth, Kathryn let out a long whimpering moan of pleasure. At the same time she felt Molly's hand pull her dress up to her waist, and put her hand through the opening of her pantaloons, touching her soft and wet cunny. Kathryn squirmed in excitement and also with a little fear, but couldn't help spreading her legs a little. Nobody had ever touched her there, and she was shocked to feel the explosive sensations of her first touch, even as Molly pushed her finger between the fully flushed and pouting lips of her sex. She gasped and shivered in the excitement, knowing she was helpless and could do nothing to stop her. Suddenly she lost control of her hips and began to hump up against Molly's hand and questing finger, desperately wanting more of the new and wonderful feeling causing waves of pleasure deep in her belly.

Molly felt elation at the way Kathryn was submitting to her so easily. She had to make sure that she wasn't allowed to orgasm yet. She wanted her to beg and ask for permission to orgasm. Molly wanted Kathryn to know in her own mind, that Molly, and only Molly, controlled her pleasure and that the more she submitted, the more pleasure she would be allowed. She knew what Kathryn was feeling, she had planned for this a long time. She had worked long hours struggling to learn to read and write in secret, aware she would have been whipped, or worse, if she'd been discovered. If things progressed as she hoped it would, she would become the beautiful white girls' owner in the end. She knew there were many forms of slavery, and it was what was in your mind that made you a slave. Molly fully intended to make sure Kathryn was convinced in her own mind that her greatest desire was to be the black girls slave.

Molly knew that Kathryn's papa wasn't well, and having no male children, Kathryn would inherit all 5000 acres of the plantation, including 326 slaves, and a beautiful house in Mobile, Alabama. Molly intended to control everything. The only thing that could stop her was if Kathryn's papa married her off before he died. She meant to see that Kathryn wouldn't be able to accept that.

Reaching the kennel, Molly opened the door leading to the small office used as a place to gather the Master's friends. This is where they dickered over whose dog was going to breed whose bitches, and what it was going to cost. They haggled for hours on end, and Molly thought they sounded like a bunch of old women at a dress shop. She pulled Kathryn through the room to another door leading to a smaller room, used to treat the dogs when they were sick. Or if they were unlucky, spayed or castrated, when deemed not fit to breed. Kathryn stood there in her night gown. "What are we doing here? I don't understand Molly? Is there something wrong with the dogs?" She said, totally confused, her mind unable to explain her maids strange behavior. Suddenly, a door at the other end of the room opened and Molly's brother Ben came in. He was a huge man, 6' 2'' tall with wide shoulders with a narrow waist and hips. His legs were like small tree trunks and looked like they would hold up the world.

Molly led Kathryn over to a heavy wooden treatment table. It had a marble top that was worn smooth by years of heavy use. Ben quickly stepped up behind her, and putting his hand on the back of her neck, surprised her, as he forced her forward, bending her over the table with her feet still on the floor. Kathryn's face was pressed hard into the marble top, as Molly grabbed her wrists and stretched her arms out above her head. Taking narrow leather straps, she tied Kathryn's wrists to the table so that her arms were reaching for the far corners on the long table. Finished with that, she pulled each of her legs to the side and tied them to the table legs, leaving her legs spread obscenely. This had all taken place in less than two minutes, though it seemed much longer to Kathryn.

When Kathryn was released by Ben, she began to cry and plead with Molly. "Why are you doing this to me? Please... Let me go... I don't want to be here... Please Molly, please." Molly looked at her and smiled, then walked around behind her and reaching down, grabbed the hem of her nightgown and pulled it up to her waist, exposing her pale taunt buttocks and the puffy bulge of her pussy. Pulling roughly up on the fabric, she tucked it under Kathryn's belly, and let the rest lie on her back. Kathryn was mortified, she was naked from the waist down, and Ben was looking at her bottom and private place. Her face burned in embarrassment. She closed her eyes in shame, realizing she was becoming aroused, her pussy was becoming very wet, and her little button was starting to swell. Oh God, why is this happening she thought, as her body betrayed her. Why did she become so excited when she felt so exposed and humiliated?

Molly lowered her hand to Kathryn's cunny, taking note of her swelling clit, and the pretty pink outer lips of her sex, that were even now beginning to flush and fill with blood, making them pooch out more and more. Taking her finger, she began to run it lightly up and down in the wetness between Kathryn's cunny lips, pressing a little harder until her finger was almost buried out of sight between the slick plump lips, dragging back and forth over her clit with each stroke. Finally speaking, she said. "Kathryn, I have decided that you are going to be my own private pussy. You will do as you are told, and in return, I will give you indescribable pleasure. Would you like that, my sweet pussy?" Kathryn heard what she said, but didn't know what she meant. She was breathing very hard, almost panting, but she managed to ask. "What do you mean? Do you mean that you want to play with my private place whenever you like? What would people say if they found out? Molly laughed and replied. "No Kathryn, I mean that you will belong to me, you will be my slave, and do as I tell you because I own you. You will be made to fuck who and what I tell you to fuck, and be bred to whoever I say can breed you. You will become my property."

These words terrified, and chilled Kathryn to the bone, but at each phrase... My slave... I will own you... fuck... breed you... my property... She became almost frantic with lust. God forgive her, she couldn't help feeling her cunny clench again and again at each revelation. Her excitement was mounting to the point where she would welcome anything for some relief from the intense sensations that were coursing through her. It didn't help that in the back of her mind, she knew Ben was watching his sister stroke her sopping wet cunny, and she could do nothing but respond to the finger that was teasing her incessantly. She felt that something wonderful was about to happen. The sensations were increasing second by second; towards she knew not what, only that she was desperate to get there. Again and again Kathryn was brought to the edge of the precipice, and denied her sweet release.

Suddenly, she felt Molly stop and take her finger away, leaving her mad for more, leaving her feeling agonizingly unfulfilled. "Please don't stop... Please, please, please don't stop. Give me your finger... Oh god... Put it back, you're driving me mad." Blubbered Kathryn, as she began to sob with the intense loss of sensation between her legs. Molly smiled to herself, becoming wet between her own legs, at the sound of Kathryn's begging. Softly, she whispered into the beautiful white girls' ear. "Will you accept your future as my slave? Will you accept my ownership over your life and future? You can feel this excitement over and over again as my property." Kathryn struggled with her emotions, and with the overwhelming intensity of excitement that flooded her body at the thought of being Molly's slave, against everything she had been taught was proper for a young white girl in the South. "Oh God... Please, you mustn't... I mustn't... Oh, oh... ahhhhhhh... please have mercy... Please God, this isn't riiiiight... aaawwu." "

Molly was so happy to see the struggle the young girl was going through, knowing that the harder the acceptance came, the more sure she could be of her control of her beautiful white fuck slave. She turned to Ben and pointed to the far door leading to where the dogs were housed. He knew what she wanted and returned soon, with a huge beautiful hunting dog. These dogs were a mixture of

many breeds, and were all trained to hunt, both other animals, and runaway slaves. Part mastiff, part wolfhound, and a third part bloodhound, they were very good at what they did. They were also trained to capture female slaves in a particularly arousing way, arousing for the human hunters at least. Ben brought the dog around behind Kathryn, and held him back just enough so that he couldn't lick her, but could get a good sniff of her cunny juices. He was going wild, and it was all the big man could do to hold him back.

In a sensuous voice, Molly purred into her captive's ear "Kathryn, do you want more? Are you ready to feel the most erotic feeling a little white slave can have?" Her cunny convulsed at hearing the words "little white slave" and she could only focus on the mad craving it caused in her feverishly hot sweetness, as Molly asked if she wanted more. Kathryn fought her raging excitement, but the sweet agony was too much, and unaware of the dogs' presence, pleaded. "Yes... Oh God... Yes please... More, give me more, I'll do anything you want... Just don't stop now, I can't bear it." As she wiggled and humped her hips as much as her position permitted. Molly nodded to Ben, and he gave the huge dog a little more slack. Immediately the dog began to sniff at Kathryn's sex, and recognizing the smell of a bitch in heat, he began to lick her furiously.

Kathryn screamed at the first touch of the dogs' tongue on her soaking pussy, and was deeply shaken as she realized what was happening. She had expected Molly to continue to stroke her cunny with her finger, not this... not this. "Please Molly, stop him... please... don't let him lick me... He...He's a dog." Kathryn pleaded. With a stern voice, Molly answered. "You agreed to be fucked and bred to who, or what ever I say. Even as the words "fucked", and "bred" exploded in her mind, she came hard, her cunny twitching in her first orgasm. Her hips pumped wildly in a deep primal reaction to the spasms created deep in her belly.

Molly went on "You will love being licked by a dog. In fact, you will loose your virginity to a dog, become his bitch, and learn to love and crave his huge shaft, and the feel of his seed pumping into you." Kathryn was helpless and each revelation of Molly's plans for her caused more orgasms, each stronger than the last. Unable to catch her breath, Kathryn gasped out. "Your...uuhhh... haaahhh... nnn... not... ahhhhh... not going to... huhhhaaaaaa... going to breed me... to... a dog? You can't mean it, ohhhhhh God... unnnnnhhhh... please, no... Molly, please... noooooo." As hard as she tried to make sense of what Molly had said, she couldn't believe what she was hearing. The dogs licking and the feel of his tongue passing over her clit and in between her swollen pussy lips made it hard for her to think at all. Deep waves of pleasure were washing over her, as she pushed back and unconsciously arched her back to give him better access to her wet sex.

Each time she felt the crushing, mindless ecstasy, she felt she was being denied something more. As the dog continued to lick her red bloated pussy lips and swollen clit, the desperation for a deeper, more primal need became stronger and stronger. Molly began whispering into her ear." Do you see how wonderful it would be for you to be my slave, to have the pleasure of release whenever I give you permission? Each time you are bred, you will feel the same bliss you are being given now, only much more so." Kathryn's body screamed with frustration and her hips humped wildly, trying to force its way to completion she had yet to experience. Finally Kathryn couldn't fight it any more and she pleaded with Molly. "Please Molly... Yes... merciful God... yes, I'll be your... your slave, please don't torture me like this. Give me what I need... Please Molly? I need it so bad... I'll be your slave and do what ever you want... ahhhhh... please... pleeeeeeasssee."

Molly almost came herself at hearing Kathryn begging to be her slave. She wasn't foolish enough to think the young white girl meant what she said, but it was a good start, and over time, she would submit. She nodded to her brother, and he gave the dog all the slack the huge dog needed, as he mounted his bitch. Kathryn felt the weight of the dog come down on her back, and if she hadn't been bent over the table, she didn't think she could have held him up. His height was just about right with

her in the position she was in, for his cock to find her sopping wet pussy without any trouble, and giving a good shove, lodged himself several inches into her belly. Kathryn screamed with pain as the dogs' shaft lodged against her maidenhead. The pain was terrible, but the dog reared back and with a fierce thrust, plunged through her hymen, and buried his massive cock into her cunt. She screamed out and almost fainted with the quick sharp pain of her tearing flesh, and felt the massive shaft stretch her, and drive past her maidenhead to lodge deep in her body.

Kathryn was stunned; she had not even known there would "be" any pain. Her parents had kept her ignorant of anything sexual. Crying to Molly, she said. "Please Molly... make him stop... It hurts so bad... ahhhhhhh... Don't let him do this to me... Please Molly... Please make it stop." Knowing how ignorant Kathryn was about sex, she decided to use her ignorance. "Kathryn, you must bear the pain for a little while, soon it will turn into the most blissful pleasure, and you won't be able to get enough. It "is" starting to feel good, isn't it?" Surprised, Kathryn realized that it was true, the pain was fading and being replaced with growing feelings of pleasure. The dog was lodged deep inside her, and her body shook with his furious thrusting, as he pounded relentlessly in and out of her pussy. She felt something warm and wet trickling down her leg, and knew she must be bleeding, but didn't want him to stop. The pleasure was building faster and faster, and she began to push back at the huge dog, eager to get more of that hot swollen shaft, wanting it deeper.

Soon, Kathryn's whole world shrank to just the pleasure of the dogs cock thrusting deep into her pussy. Nothing else mattered, not Molly, and not Ben, just the stroking of the cock deep in her belly. Suddenly she felt something swelling inside of her, stretching her, and as it stretched her, his cock was pulled deeper and deeper into her. She could feel his huge shaft swelling also, and without warning, she was pushed over the edge into her first orgasm with a hard shaft deep inside. Her head arched back, the muscles and cords of her neck bulging and straining, and a look of pure ecstasy came over her face. Her mouth opened in a silent scream as her cunt pulsed and clutched frantically, trying to milk the seed from the dogs huge cock.

Before she could calm down, she felt him start throbbing inside her, and suddenly realized he was be pumping his seed into her. The thought of being made to take a dogs seed inside of her, terrified her, but it couldn't stop her body from betraying her as she came again and again. Thinking that the seed filling her was even now, making her pregnant, she came again, as she felt the heavy throbbing and spurting that was flooding her womb. Again and again she felt the massive cock shoot powerful jets of sperm into her, and she couldn't help being deliriously excited, but also deeply ashamed because she was totally helpless to stop him.

Kathryn lay exhausted on the table, the dogs cock still throbbing occasionally, and she felt his hot cum leaking from around his tight knot, and down her legs. She was so ashamed of reacting this way to his mounting her, like a bitch in heat, and was terrified of what the consequences would be. Ben had seen everything, and even now in her humiliation, her pussy clenched in guilty pleasure knowing he had seen her being bred like a bitch. She lay there catching her breath and feeling totally dominated by the huge dog that held her helplessly tied to him with his huge knot. Relief and a deep sense of loss fought each other in her mind, as she felt the dogs cock slowly shrink and finally slip out of her with a wet sucking sound, releasing a flood of his seed to gush out and flow down both of her inner thighs.

Molly had watched as Kathryn bucked and plunged in pleasure under the giant dog. She was so excited at the sight, she had cum just watching. The sight of Kathryn's sopping wet and still twitching cunt, with the dog's sperm oozing out and down her legs, caused a sense of elation deep in her soul. Her plans were progressing better than she had hoped.

Kathryn was so ignorant of sex, that she thought the dog could make her pregnant. What a foolish

girl, and at that moment, an addition to her plan came to her. Molly did not like men, and knew she could never bring herself to make love to a man, even for a child. Why not make Kathryn breed black babies for her? She could have her mounted by the dogs every day, and when she was ripe, have Ben breed her. Not right away, but when the time was right. Somehow she could make it work, maybe substitute puppies for the baby during the delivery. It could work, if she figured out how to have Ben breed her without her knowing, maybe a touch of laudanum, to make her lose her senses. She would ask the old witchy woman, that took care of the sick and dying on the plantation. Yes, she might be able to make it work, and Kathryn would never be able to marry if she thought she was pregnant with a dogs get.

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## Part Two

Kathryn lay upon the marble topped table panting heavily, as the huge dog's cock slipped out of her flooded pussy. She felt totally humiliated to have been mounted and bred by a dog, and wondered if she was impregnated? Would her belly swell with puppies? Each of these thoughts, though disgusting and frightening to think about, made her soaked cunt clench, her body betraying her with the excitement it made her feel, brought on by her knowledge of what Molly had planned for her. A slave... she is going to make me her slave..., ohhhh God... this can't be happening, she thought. She is going to make me be her slave, and breed me to the dogs... Oh God... Make me pregnant, and I can't stop her. At these thoughts, Kathryn came hard, her hips thumping wildly against the edge of the table, and finally passing out from sheer overload.

Molly watched her, knowing what was going through her little white slaves mind, and almost came herself, seeing Kathryn cum again without anyone touching her. She knew the girl had cum thinking about her fate, and she knew she had reached another level in her enslavement. Thinking quickly, knowing intimately when her white slave would be fertile, and knowing it was safe at the moment, she asked Ben if he wanted to mount her fuck slave.

Ben immediately pulled the dog back, and handed the leash to Molly. He stepped up behind the unconscious girl, and began to unbutton his pants. "You can fuck her, but if she starts to wake up, you must pull out and leave the room before she can see that your cock is wet with her juices." Molly said, as Ben nodded and pushed his pants down, exposing his huge black cock to Molly's view. It was as black as black could be, long and very thick, and was so very hard. For an instant, Molly had the fleeting thought that if they weren't brother and sister, she might try it herself. But it was soon forgotten, as Ben brought the huge shaft to Kathryn's slit, and started rubbing the head up and down between the hugely swollen lips of the girls' cunt. Wetting the tip well, he brought it to bear on her open flower, and pushed it in slowly, with tiny strokes, each stroke sinking in further and further, until he was buried to his balls inside her heated pussy. He paused to savor the tight sheath clutching his shaft. Even in her unconscious state, it clenched rhythmically on his hard, thickly veined cock.

He pulled back, seeing his rod wet with her secretions, noticing it gleam in the lamplight, her flushed rose colored pussy contrasting with her white buttocks and his deep black cock, and began a slow steady stroke. Moving seemingly in slow motion, he savored the feel of every nerve ending in his cock as it passed in and out between her tight cunt lips. His strong muscular buttocks flexed with each inward thrust, driving himself into the helpless girl, and thoughts of her smooth white belly swelling with his black baby, spurred him on. He began to slowly speed his thrusting, making Kathryn's body rock in time to his movements. Her pussy was clutching desperately at each outward stroke, trying to keep the shaft from leaving her cunt, even in the state she was in. Soon his cock was pounding into the girl, and his balls began to draw up, the feelings growing in his manhood, the

head of his cock flaring, and his gut tensing. Suddenly he shuddered and made a strangled, groaning sound, as his cock began to spasm and twitch, and was finally sent over the edge into bliss. His cock throbbed heavily, pulsing as he shot into the white girl's cunt, burying his seed deep, totally drenching her cervix with black baby cream. Again and again he spurted, thick, sperm loaded fluid filling her womb. He froze in place, as his balls emptied, and the powerful feelings of satisfaction in a successful breeding settled in, the small tremors tapering off finally. With a sigh, he withdrew his still sizable cock from the small girl's pussy, and was rewarded by seeing his cum begin to seep from her still open hole, running down along the side of her angry red clit, and into her sparse pubic hair.

Molly said. "Get another dog, I want him mounted and inside her when she comes around. She must never suspect that you have had your way with her. When it is time to breed her, I want her to think it was the dog that made her pregnant." Ben gave her a surprised look, and asked. "Do you think she will believe that? How can that be, surely she will know something ain't right? Smiling she replied. "No, she has no idea, she was kept so ignorant of man and woman things, that she thinks anything can make her pregnant. I intend to use that to get black babies from her, and your going to help me." Ben gave her a brilliant smile, left and was soon back leading another dog that could have been a twin of the first one.

Bringing him up behind the still unconscious girl, the huge dog sniffed and licked her slit for a moment. He then mounted her and immediately buried his hard cock and knot inside her, causing her body to surge forward with the power of his thrust. As Kathryn became aware again, she felt the massive rod inside her, and before she even had her thoughts straight in her head, she was arching her back and pushing back against the hardness invading her belly. In only moments, her whole world was that hard shaft thrusting into her. It was as if it was moving inside her in slow motion, every slow torturously exquisite inch seemed to cause the most sublime friction in her tissues. She felt the knot swell, the shaft becoming longer, pushing deeper and deeper, and thought of the hot seed that would soon fill her. She whimpered and came, in a fury of contractions and clenching. Her pussy clutched insanely on the burning pike in her belly. Over and over she came, each time thinking of how she was being made to do this against her will. She knew in her heart, that Molly would have her way, because she couldn't control her body when she was made to do all these terrible things. She was drowning in the erotic, devastating, and humiliating acts of fornication, and knew she would give in again and again, to feel this pleasure. The dogs thrusting slowed, and she felt him burst inside her, throbbing and pumping his puppy seed into her womb, making her pregnant. She came hard once again, and then everything went black

Ben looked at Molly and said. "Do you want another dog brought out? It's still early; dawn is still two hours away, plenty of time for another breeding?" Molly was quiet for a while, thinking what would work best for the goal she was working toward. "No, I don't think that would help at this point, she has other things to do tonight yet. Put the dog away, and come and help me get her back to her room. I want her to wake up in her own bed." Molly replied. Ben left with the dog, and Molly walked up behind Kathryn, admiring her smooth tight buttocks and puffy cum soaked pussy. Placing her fingers between the swollen, reddened lips, she gently rubbed back and forth, reveling in the feel of the dog/man mixture of seed oozing out. Lifting her fingers to her mouth, she sucked the juices from them, finding it very pleasant. She had become so excited watching her brother and the young white girl breed, and then the second dog, that she new she would have the young girl between her thighs as soon as they were back in the mansion.

Ben came in, and untied the leather straps holding Kathryn to the table, and lowering her night gown, gently picked her up in his arms and the three made their way out of the kennel to the mansion. Their walk back to the mansion was unobserved, and Ben soon had Kathryn in her own bed, and stole back out quickly and quietly. Molly remained to wait for her slave to regain consciousness, and after about ten minutes she began to come around. Molly let her recover enough



to realize where she was, and then said. "Get up, get up now slave. You have things to learn, and things to attend too." Molly was exhausted but slid out of the bed and onto the floor. Molly took her place and lying on her back, said. "Suck me slave, lick my slit and you had better do a good job." Kathryn immediately brought her mouth to Molly's wet pussy lips and began to lick them like her life depended on it. Soon Molly was arched back, straining towards a massive orgasm, the sights of the evening being almost too much for her. She pulled the pillow to her face and let out a scream. If not for the pillow, they would have heard that scream in the next county. Her hips humped out of control, her belly convulsing, demanding something big and hard to squeeze on, but finding only Kathryn's small finger.

When she collapsed on the bed, she held Kathryn's head to her wet pussy while she began to calm down, still feeling the heat radiating throughout her body. She soon sat up, and then stood, bringing her new white slave with her. She stared hard into her eyes, and said. "You are my slave now, do you understand that? I saw how you accepted the pleasure the dogs gave you during your breeding. You can't deny it, I saw you cum again and again, pushing back to meet their thrusts. Tell me the truth, you like being bred by them, don't you." Kathryn hung her head and stared at the floor, her face raging with embarrassment, her humiliation open for all to see. "Yes... I... it was... ohhhh Molly, I couldn't help myself... the feel of his... ahhhh... his thing inside me drove me mad. I have never felt so out of control and helpless, as I felt with him taking me... doing that to me." Molly smiled and said. "Then your duties as my slave will become pleasant for you, and you will feel that way again, many times. You will now learn to obey signals for the positions needed to be bred, depending on when and where you are to submit."

For the next hour, Kathryn learned to pull up her nightgown when given a signal, and to obey instantly, or be punished. Signal, pull up nightgown, spread her legs and bend over deeply, take Molly's fingers into her sex, then the finished signal, push the nightgown down, and straighten up as if nothing had happened. Then same procedure was used for other positions. One for bending over the closest furniture, another to sink to all fours, another to sink lower, her face on the floor, and her pussy arched high for penetration.

Molly made her practice and practice until she was swooning with fatigue, and then she was allowed to go to bed. As she fell into a troubled sleep, Molly got down next to the bed, and whispered in her ear over and over. "I am Molly's slave; I want to be Molly's slave, to do as she orders me to, to want to obey her every command." She kept this up for two hours, whispering to the sleeping girl, and then stole out to her own bed.

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### **Part Three**

The months following Kathryn's first breeding became a time of intense training for her. She was made to assume the different positions dozens of times each day, made to pull up her dress and bend over instantly or be punished. She tried to resist once, and it was three days before she could sit down to eat. There was a cook, cooks assistant, and three housekeepers in the home besides Molly, and then there was Kathryn and her aunt. The house slaves knew better than to breathe a word about what went on in the mansion. They were only too aware of what Molly and Ben would do to them if they did. Besides, they had been promised their freedom when the time came.

When ever Molly had other things to do, Kathryn was made to help the housekeepers, and soon learned all the things her pampered life had excused her from. She also learned to do as she was told, or the housemaids informed Molly, and she was punished, not always by spanking either. Sometimes Molly would torture her at the kennels by making sure she was denied an orgasm, constant pleasure to a fever pitch, then denied over and over, which was far worse than a spanking.

Slowly, Kathryn was being conditioned to need and crave the feeling of being totally dominated and controlled by the huge dogs as they bred her. She began to feel the need to feel the helplessness, humiliation, and embarrassment that exited her beyond reason. Night after night Molly and Ben were forcing her to submit to the blissful feel of having her womb filled with dog seed. The belief that she could be impregnated by the dogs brought her to an extreme ecstasy, driven by the fear she felt, and the suspense of which breeding would fill her belly with pups.

This treatment of her was all possible because of the chronic absence of Kathryn's father. Since her mother had died, he didn't like to come to the plantation, her memory was too painful. It was also the reason Kathryn lived at the plantation with just the house servants, and a maiden aunt, she looked just like her mother when she was young, and this unsettled her father. Her aunt, who because of a fondness for claret, seldom left her private rooms, all but ignored what went on in the rest of house. Her father lived in their town house in Mobile, only coming to the plantation for Kathryn's birthday, and short stays during holidays. He stayed only days, always anxious to head back to Mobile, scarcely paying attention to what was going on at the plantation other than looking at the books, and approving or disapproving purchases of machinery and equipment. With her aunt seldom leaving her rooms, and the overseer tending his own business, Molly was free to continue to drive Kathryn deeper into submission and slavery.

Kathryn's humiliation in being forced to assume these positions, fully exposing her sex regardless of who was in the room, kept her constantly wet and aroused. She was deathly afraid the overseer would catch her on one of his infrequent stops at the mansion to hand over receipts or to leave reports for her papa. She had once been given the signal to assume the position over a hallway table only two feet from an open doorway to the parlor. The overseer was standing barely four paces inside the room. If he'd turned and taken those four steps, he could have caught her with her buttocks and cunny in full view, her pussy full of Molly's fingers, their plunging, twisting motion forcing her to push back against them uncontrollably. Her fear and humiliation in being so close to being caught made her orgasm on the spot, almost choking, trying to keep from screaming out in ecstasy.

At night, she was taken to the kennel and subjected to repeated signals, mounted in any number of them over the course of the night. Slowly and against her will, her love of the dog's hard cocks pounding her pussy grew. She was still deathly afraid of the consequences, of being impregnated by them, but she couldn't disobey Molly, and was helpless to fight the feelings that made her body betray her. Each night she was bred to three or four different dogs, learning to love the feel of their rock hard cocks, the feel of being stretched by their huge knots, and the throbbing they made when they pumped her belly full of their potent seed. With the constant breeding, she soon came to know them all by the way they mounted her. There was no longer any need to bind her to the table. When given the signal, she bent over the marble topped table and grabbed the edges as if she were afraid the table would get away. Lying face down, she lowered her face to the cool marble, and spread her legs to match the width of the table legs. Usually, by the time she had entered the kennel, she was already sopping wet, her juices trickling down her inner thighs. As her humiliation grew stronger, her willpower grew weaker. The more she was humiliated and embarrassed, the more excited she became. It was a terrible merry-go-round she was on, and she couldn't get off.

Tonight's trip to the kennel would be different. Molly had promised Ben a treat for being patient and waiting for the right time. Tonight Kathryn would learn to suck dog cock and be made to love it. When she and Molly entered the kennel, Molly gave her the sign to assume a position on her hands and knees, and she complied automatically. Ben came in with one of the bigger dogs, and he was at her pussy in a heartbeat. He mounted her and was pushing his huge cock into her, when Ben intervened, not letting him force his knot into her. Pushing back trying to get the knot in, Kathryn became desperate, whimpering, and finally began to beg Ben for the knot, as the huge cock flashed

into her like a jackhammer. Molly became wet, knowing what was coming, relishing her beautiful white slave reduced to begging for dog cock, unable to help herself.

Molly left the room and returned with another dog, one that was more experienced, and less frantic than the rest. Leading him to Kathryn, she let him begin to lick her slave's cunt, the other dogs cock, and occasionally lick Ben's fingers, as he kept a hold on the first dogs knot. Kathryn's pussy was soaking wet, and the dog was at her immediately, and began to lick her wet thighs and bottom. Just the touch of his tongue caused Kathryn to become weak with the intense sensations and the deep throbbing need that was overtaking her.

When the first dog mounted her, she had felt his weight on her back, and she had flushed with embarrassment at not being able to hide her desperation for his huge cock. She knew she was helpless to prevent him from entering her, spreading her pussy with his hard, swollen shaft, and his big knot that would make her his until he was finished filling her womb with his puppy cream. She was confused at Ben preventing the dog from tying with her, wondering why tonight was different. When the second dog appeared, she became frightened, knowing something was up, that some new humiliation was about to happen to her, and she came hard, tears flowing from her eyes in her knowledge that whatever they did to her, she wouldn't be able to stop them, and deep down, she didn't want to.

Molly pulled the second dog away and brought him up in front of the helpless girl, ordering the dog to lay down in front of her, and then said, "Kathryn, you're going to put this dogs cock in your mouth, you'll suck it until he fills your mouth with his seed, and then you will swallow it, ALL of it, or you'll be punished." Terrified at the thought of a dogs cock in her mouth, her pussy convulsed, the shame she was suddenly filled with causing her to cum long and hard on the meat in her slit. Kathryn was horrified. "NO Molly... no, no... I can't do that... oh God... that is so disgusting." She came again as she saw Molly kneel down and begin to jack the dogs' sheath, watching as his cock extended further and further, until finally pushing the sheath back to expose the knot. The dogs cock was huge, and Kathryn stared at it like a mouse staring into a snakes eyes. Molly placed her hand on the back of her slaves' neck and forced her closer and closer to his very long, thick, red cock. Kathryn's breathing became extremely ragged, and she whimpered as she came once more, knowing her fate.

Beginning to panic, Kathryn begged, "Please don't make me do this... please Molly...noooooooooo." At this point, Ben pulled the first dogs cock from Kathryn's sopping pussy, and she moaned with its loss, but not for long. Ben positioned the dogs cock at the entrance to her winking asshole, pressing against her. When Kathryn felt what was happening, she tried to move forward away from it, and felt her anus begin to stretch as the first dogs cock forced its way and inch, and then two. Trapped, she knew she had nowhere to go except forward, closer to the other dogs cock. She was forced close enough to have the cock of dog in front of her, smear pre-cum across her face. She desperately tried to avoid the cock of the dog behind her from penetrating her ass any more, and at the same time, trying to keep the dog in front out of her mouth.

Kathryn was in a world of conflict. On one hand she was terrified of what they were trying to do to her, and on the other, she was trembling in a torturous and agonizing excitement that crippled her, making her cunt twitch and clench on her empty pussy hole.

Molly reached under her, and twisted her nipple savagely; causing her to open her mouth to cry out, allowing the forceful entry of the dogs cock into her mouth and ending half of the struggle. She was forced to bob up and down on it, and soon she stopped fighting, knowing it was useless, as she felt the shaft go deeper down her throat, making it hard to breathe.

Molly suddenly had a thought, and knelt down to whisper into Kathryn's ear. "This is for your own good my little fuck slave, if you swallow enough dog seed, it will help prevent you from being made pregnant by the dogs." Being totally ignorant of sex other than what Molly told her, she grasped onto what little hope her words provided, and began to suck with a purpose. Desperate for any way to prevent the dogs from breeding her, she was soon enjoying the taste and texture of the dogs cock. Meanwhile, since Ben had guided the first dogs cock to her asshole, and after seeing that his sister had accomplished her goal, and allowed the dog to fuck deep into Kathryn's tight ass. With a tremendous thrust, he buried his cock deep inside her, and thrust and pounded her mercilessly, finally forcing the knot into the young white girl, making her scream with pain as it swelled and locked into her.

The humiliation, of what she had in her mouth, and the feel of the dog taking total possession of her asshole, made Kathryn cum, and then cum again seconds later when she felt the second dog start pumping her mouth full of his seed. The degrading fact of having this done to her by a dog completely broke whatever willpower she had left. She knew without a doubt, that she was going to be a total slave to Molly for the rest of her life. Kathryn gave herself over to and savored the cock she was sucking, finding that the taste of his seed wasn't offensive. She had thought it would be, and she continued to suck and lick the cock in her mouth with eagerness now. Her world again shrank to feeling her dog master thrusting into her ass, losing focus on anything else but the massive hard shaft filling her bowels, fucking her, and her submission dominating her every thought. On and on the breeding session went, until each dog had both filled her ass, pussy, and her mouth with his potent sperm. Kathryn was scarcely aware of when the dogs were changed, as none of them came at the same time and her complete focus was on which ever dog was filling one of her holes. Molly and Ben kept a steady rotation of dogs going for her, not allowing her to think, just respond to the domination of each dog.

Finally all the dogs were satisfied, and Kathryn was near exhaustion, but her humiliation wasn't complete. Ben put all the dogs back into their pens, while Molly wiped dog cum from her white fuck slaves' face. When Ben came in, Kathryn was ordered up off her hands, and to remain kneeling. Ben came around in front of her, and Molly knelt beside her, holding the back of her neck. Looking into Kathryn's glassy eyes, she said. "You've done well tonight, so well, that I am going to give you a treat I normally wouldn't allow a dogs' bitch. Ben unbuttoned his pants, and lowered them releasing his huge turgid cock meat. Kathryn looked at it with confusion, not understanding what was happening. Her eyes crossed, trying to focus on the massive coal black shaft of Ben's manhood. Not realizing what she was going to be made to do, she thought to herself what a beautiful and shiny ebony cock, not making the connection about why it was uncovered, and waving in front of her face.

Her exhaustion was fogging her mind just enough to be totally shocked by Molly's next words. "You have been a greedy slave... all of the pleasure you have been given, and you never once thought of me or Ben's pleasure. Well now you are going to give Ben some pleasure for all his late nights, and if you don't, we're going to lock you up in a pen next to the dogs, and not allow you to be mounted. I know you wouldn't like that; you love to be filled with their cocks to much. Think of what it would be like, to be that close to them, and have your cunt ache for cock, and be denied until you went crazy with desire." Kathryn hadn't realized she had come to love the feel of dog cock so much until she heard these words. A sick panic like feeling washed over her, and she new she couldn't stand to be kept from her nightly breeding, she had been conditioned to want it every night, and new she would truly suffer if she were locked away.

Ben moved forward, aiming his cock at Kathryn's mouth, and because in her dazed state of mind, she was unable to think of what else to do, she submitted, and accepted it into her mouth. Raising her hand, she softly grasped the base of the shaft, felling the soft feel of it in her hand. As she began to move her mouth up and down the rock hard cock, her hand began a stroking motion, a soft light

stroke so that she could feel every little vein and ridge on the perfect male rod. Ben closed his eyes and accepted the pleasure she was giving him. He had dreamed all his life of a white woman willingly sucking his black baby maker, and he figured that this was as close as he was ever going to get to fulfilling it. Kathryn's silky mouth and gentle tongue worked in concert with her gentle stroking to drive him to the edge. He took her head in his hands and stopped her from moving, wanting to make the ecstasy last. When he had control of himself again, he moved her head at a torturously slow pace, back and forth, back and forth, enjoying the feel of the white girl's lips clasp his stiff meat.

Kathryn was in a state of total concentration, surprised at the smooth silky texture of the head and shaft in her wet mouth. It tasted so clean and felt so hard in her mouth, her lips and tongue gliding effortlessly up and down its beautiful black length. Her other hand went to his huge balls, and she was shocked at the size of them, just able to fit one in her hand, but not able to touch any fingers together, it was just too massive. She moved her other hand from his shaft, and held his balls with both hands and massaged them with tender care, wondering how much seed could come from such large testicles. She had never been face to face with a man's cock and balls before, and she found it very exciting. Were all men this big, with a huge cock, and massive testicles? Knowing he would keep her doing this until he made her swallow his sperm, she wondered if drinking his seed would help prevent the dogs from breeding puppies in her, she was desperately clinging to that hope. Would his seed be thicker than the dog's seed, thinner? Would there be less cum, or more? Would it taste different? Kathryn was beginning to like what she was doing, convincing herself that at least it was better than sucking the dog. Soon all thought was gone, as she focused her whole being on the shaft in her mouth, nothing else existed, just the thick black cock she was now lovingly sucking for her owner's brother.

Suddenly she felt Ben's cock throb and a huge amount of thick white cum shot into her mouth, and continued to throb and spurt into her mouth until she was forced to swallow it. As the beautiful black shaft finally pulsed his last dribble of seed crossing her tongue.

Kathryn was drawn to lick and lap him clean without even being told to do it, she did it without thinking. She had unconsciously reached around Ben and grasped his buttocks to pull him deeper into her mouth to be sure to get every last trace of his sperm, her hands gripping and squeezing his buttocks without realizing what she was doing. Ben looked down at her with affection, he was going to love breeding this white girl, filling her belly with black babies, oh yes, and he was certainly looking forward to that.

Molly watched as her little white fuck slave sucked her brother. She knew a huge bridge had been crossed by Kathryn tonight, knowing by how quickly she gave in to taking Ben's huge manhood into her mouth. Soon she would be able to start putting her plan into motion. Kathryn's papa was becoming more ill by the day, and he knew time was getting short in finding someone to take over the plantation and care for his daughter. He was coming in two months, and she had heard from the slave grapevine, that he was bringing a possible suitor for Kathryn. Molly had heard that this suitor, was of good family, but was not well off, at least personally. He had part ownership in another plantation, but had to share it with eight brothers and two sisters. This would be his chance to become richer than he ever thought possible, as Kathryn's 5000 acres was 3500 acres larger than his family's plantation of 1500 acres, and he had to share it, which left him very little cash per year.

Molly had heard also that he was not a very nice man, and treated his slaves with contempt, and the whip. She did not under any circumstances want him to marry Kathryn. So she had to see that her little fuck slave was pregnant soon. She had to have that to hold over Kathryn's head to guarantee that she would refuse any possibility of marrying this man, even if her papa threatened her. If that didn't do it, she and Ben would have to figure something more permanent for a solution.

Hearing a loud moan from her brother, she came out of her reverie just in time to watch as Ben came in Kathryn's mouth, so much so, that thick creamy white cum leaked from the girls lips, and ran down her chin. Ben let her lick him clean, and then wipe her face and lick that too. Molly then helped her to stand, and just as Ben finished fastening his pants, she collapsed and he caught her in his arms. Looking at his sister, he smiled and lifted the slight white girl, looking into her unconscious face. Molly touched him on the shoulder and nodded toward the mansion, and they headed for Kathryn's room.

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## **Part Four**

Molly searched the mansion high and low, and no Kathryn to be found. She just couldn't believe she couldn't find her. Where could she have gone? Molly had just seen her twenty minutes before, and none of the house servants had seen her leave. Suddenly it came to her... the kennel. Kathryn had gone to the kennel. The thought made her smile, as he started out to see if she was right.

As she walked towards the kennel, Molly thought back over the last two weeks. The first week, she had continued to have Kathryn mounted by the dogs as often as she could, and finish with her sucking her brothers' huge black cock every night. She so loved to see her pale white face and red lips with his pitch black shaft pumping in and out of her mouth.

The second week, she had denied Kathryn any physical contact with the dogs, neither being mounted by them, nor sucking them. The only contact she had was with Ben, her brother, as she was forced to suck him several times a day.

She knew that Kathryn was becoming very nervous. The girl believed she could be made pregnant by the dogs, and had been told that swallowing their seed would prevent it. Today it would two weeks since she had been allowed to suck the dogs, and she was becoming frightened she might be impregnated the first time she is given to the dogs again. The girls' ignorance astounded Molly, but she was using that lack of knowledge to guarantee the girls submission to her. Day after day, Kathryn went without being mounted, without sucking their seed from their cocks, until she couldn't stand it anymore, and shyly asked Molly if they were going to go to the kennels again soon. Pretending she was angry at her for daring to ask, she promptly put her in her place, reminding her she was her little white fuck slave, and she was to do as she was told, when you told her to do it.

Sometime tonight or tomorrow, Kathryn will become fertile, and you fully intend to keep her full of Ben's seed during that time. The old witch woman had mixed up a potion to give her that will leave her semiconscious, but would allow her body to respond. It would be Ben's job to breed her several times a day, and at least once during the night for the next four or five days, just to increase the chance of impregnation. God, the thought of what was about to be done to her little breeder was making her so wet.

Kathryn was indeed in the kennels. She had tossed and turned all night. In fact, for the last week, she had felt a desperate need for the dogs. She had become conditioned over the last several months, to need to be mounted several times a night. The constant feelings of withdrawal from the lack of being mounted, kept her belly knotted up, and her pussy wet with thoughts of being taken against her will.

Feeling tortured by the denial of physical relief, she finally couldn't stand it any more, and snuck out of the mansion as soon as she could, and made her way to the kennels.

Nothing mattered, not the thought of how she would be punished if she were caught, or her fear of

becoming pregnant. She was so desperate, those thoughts were overcome by her terrible need, she was intent on getting to the kennels, to get relief, any kind of relief she could manage.

Entering the kennel, she made her way across the room, and by the time she got to the door that led to the dog cages, Kathryn began to lose control of her body. Her belly was on fire, her cunny wetter than she thought possible, and she was trembling all over, shaking so hard that she could barely open the door. Her breathing was ragged, her face flushed along with her neck and chest, the need to be taken, to be forced to submit, so strong that the blood in her body, pounded through her veins, out of control.

Finally getting the door open, she found herself in a long hall, with barred cages lining each side. Surprisingly, only one cage was occupied. She fleetingly wondered why, but her excited state wouldn't let her think on it for long. Rushing to the cage door, she was crushed to find it had a lock on it. Tears came to her eyes in her frustration, but still, her mind frantically searched for an alternative.

Finally she pulled up her dress in the front, and pushed her mound against the bars, almost collapsing with the first thrill of the dog's tongue on her flaming red cunny lips. She pressed in hard, her body holding the dress up, and her hands grasping the bars so hard her knuckles turned white. Her head leaned in to rest against the bars, and moaned uncontrollably as the dog continued to lap at her. She spread her legs wide to allow him to get to her bottom, as well as the full length of her slit, with its bloated cunny lips, and throbbing clit. It was less than a minute when she cried out in her first orgasm in a week. The power of it wracked her body, her belly was convulsing, and her juices began to drip down her inner thighs. She clung to the bars with all her might. The pleasure that washed over her was so great, that she feared she might pass out. Managing to ride out the waves coursing through her body, she stayed upright, and the dog continued to lick her. The feeling was so wonderful; she thought she would die of pleasure.

That is how Molly found her when she entered the room, clinging to the bars with her legs spread, and her back arched, forcing her mound against the bars. Unaware of Molly's entrance, she continued with her ragged breathing, mumbling incoherent sounds to the dog. Watching her from the side, Molly drank in the sight, knowing that Kathryn was truly her slave now, and that she would obey her in everything for fear of being denied the dog if she didn't.

Soon she would have the extra leverage she wanted. With Kathryn thinking she was pregnant with puppies, she would be forced to obey her. After all, what could she do about it...? The thought of the black babies her little white slave was going to breed for her, made her shiver in delight. She moved quietly up behind her and shouted. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DID I SAY YOU COULD DO THIS? Kathryn jerked as if she had been struck, and fell back on her bottom, making her dress fly back and cover her face. As she struggled with the dress in a frantic attempt to get free of it. Molly continued to harangue her. "HOW DARE YOU COME HERE WITHOUT PERMISSION? GET UP... GET UP NOW, YOU SLUT". Scrambling to get her dress down, and get to her feet, Kathryn was frightened more than she had ever been before in her life. She pleaded, "Please Molly... I'm sorry... please; I just needed... something so bad... I... really, I... I didn't think it would hurt anything... please don't punish me... please Molly". Looking down at the small white girl, and could see she was frightened to death.

Deep inside, Molly was elated to hear the plantation owner's daughter beg not to be punished. The girl was more afraid of the fact that she was caught in the kennel without permission, than the fact that she had had a dog licking her cunny at the time she was caught.

Grabbing the girl by the front of her dress, she pulled her over to the empty cage across from the

dog, opened it, and pushed Kathryn into the cage. Slamming the cage door shut, she then locked it, saying. "If you like the kennel so well, you'll live here until I say different. You love the dogs so much; tonight I'll breed you to them. How long do you think it will take them to fill your belly with puppies riding you night and day?"

Kathryn was struck dumb, unable to believe that she had actually said it, told her to her face that she was to be impregnated for real, by the dogs. Her eyes were wide with fear, and she clutched at the bars, begging. "Please Molly... don't... not to the dogs... please, I'll do anything... promise everything... just don't let them make me pregnant." Yet, even as she pled with Molly, her body betrayed her and she came, hard, so hard she whimpered, unable to conceal her shame.

Molly stared at Kathryn with a slight smile on her face, and said, "You will do what I tell you anyway, your promises mean nothing, you can promise something only if you have free will. You don't have free will. I own you, you're my slave, and I've decided to breed you." In an instant she had turned and was out the door, leaving her poor little dog slut locked in the cage shaking with fear, and God help her, a terrible excitement in her loins. There she sat, her eyes wide, unable to look away from the sight of the large red cock on the dog across the hall, wondering if he will be the one.

Leaving the Kennels, Molly tried to find her brother Ben. He needed to know what the plan was for tonight. It didn't take her long to find out that the overseer had taken Ben and the other dogs to catch a neighbor's runaway. She had to think hard. Would it be safe to leave Kathryn in the dog kennel, or would the overseer find her. Talking to several of the old people that were left at the slave cabins to putter around the best they could. She discovered that the overseer never went in the kennels. He hated dogs, and besides that, he was always eager to take one of the young slave girls to his cabin after the excitement of the chase.

The best news was that the runaway was a man, so the dogs wouldn't be used up when they came back. She shivered as she thought of what had happened to her the first time she had tried to run away. The shame she felt when she knelt there with the dog mounted on her, his huge shaft buried deep inside her, watched by a dozen men on horses, as they laughed and jeered at her about how she should enjoy herself. It was a much deeper shame to learn that she could feel such pleasure from what was happening to her. She had vowed never to have a man or a dog and feel so helpless to control her body again.

Making her way to the mansion, she gave all the housekeepers and the cook there orders for the night, telling the cook that she would need Kathryn's meal on a tray. There was no way she was going to make even a white slave eat the same food as the dogs. After all, Kathryn was going to have a belly full of baby soon, and she needed good nourishment.

One of the housekeepers said that a messenger had come with word to expect the Master home in about six or seven weeks, and he was bringing company. The news disturbed Molly greatly, reminding her that she had so little time to accomplish her goal. There was barely had enough time to get Kathryn pregnant, and then see if she had succeeded in her plan. It terrified her to think that she could fail, and might lose everything she had gained so far.

Ben and the dogs didn't get back until the early morning hours, and when he did, he was surprised to see Kathryn sleeping in the kennel. Putting the other dogs back in their cages, he made his way to his sisters' room in the mansion. Waking her, he asked what was going on. Molly put a finger to her lips and motioned him to follow her back to the kennel.

On the way there, she explained about the master, and that he was definitely bringing home a suitor for Kathryn, so there was no time to waste. Kathryn was fertile, or at least would be in the next day



or so. She outlined her plan, and Ben couldn't help becoming aroused, having to adjust himself in his trousers. He had dreamed of breeding Kathryn for years now, ever since he was old enough to know what sex was. Now he was going to get his wish.

Kathryn was lying in the cage, still considering her fate. Thinking of what was to happen to her; she tried to tell herself Molly had just been trying to scare her. She would never allow what she had said, to actually happen. Would she? Thoughts that she would, kept Kathryn's stomach in knots, her body on the edge, with unwanted desire, and an embarrassing wetness between her legs.

She was aware that all the other dogs were back, returned as she had dosed. She wondered where they had been. Where ever they had been, she knew Ben must have seen her sleeping in the cage. Her anxiety increased with each moment, until, to her shame, she was shivering from excitement. She was startled when she finally heard the door open, and two sets of footsteps came toward her. Looking up, she saw Molly and Ben looking down at her. Finally, Molly said, " It's time for your breeding Kathryn."

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## **Part Five**

Kathryn felt her breath catch in her throat, knowing that soon, the very thing that most terrified her was about to happen. She was about to be made pregnant... By a dog, and she was so ashamed of the way that thought thrilled her. There was absolutely nothing she could do... She had to obey, even as frightened as she was of the outcome.

Her heart was racing in a panic. There was sweat on her forehead and upper lip, glistening in the lamplight. A sickening, helpless feeling in her chest spread its tendrils throughout her body. It quickly grew into overpowering feelings of want, and the painfully delicious feelings of sexual arousal that made her ache deep in her belly. Her nipples were painfully erect, and her cunny lips were bloated, flushed a deep rose color. She could feel the pounding of her heart in her clit, feeling it throb, each pulse bringing her closer to helplessness.

Thinking of her situation, she felt humiliated, knowing she would soon feel the horrible excitement grow, making her unable to resist the need to submit totally. She could feel the overflow of her juices caused by her sopping wet cunny, the product of her mind warring with her body. It fought a losing battle against the shame, and humiliation that made her body burn with passion and lust, ripe for the taking.

Kathryn couldn't deny the embarrassing fact that being owned as a black girls slave, and being forced to perform unspeakable acts, excited her body beyond reason. Powerful jolts of excitement at the knowledge that she had no will of her own... of having no say in what was being done to her. She felt a deep shame that caused such a hot fire in her loins, that her mind would go blank, only able to feel the ecstasy of being mastered, and controlled.

Closing her eyes, she saw in her mind, the huge stiff member of the dog she had stared at while thinking of the consequences of having her belly full of puppies. His length, and thickness, as well as the swell of his knot, caused her body to simmer with a glowing heat between her legs all afternoon. Try as she might, she couldn't block out the sight in her mind; the conditioning she had endured made her body crave the feel of the dogs weight on her back, his cock and knot buried inside of her. Thinking of it made her desperate for the feeling of total surrender that she was forced her to endure.

"PAY ATTENTION YOU BITCH" yelled Molly, as she tore Kathryn from her reverie. Taking her arm,

Molly pulled her from the cage up onto her feet. As soon as she was up, Kathryn felt a tug on her hand, as the young black woman forcibly guided her to the door of the breeding room. With a weak voice, Kathryn begged. "Please Molly... nooooo... Please don't do this to me... It frightens me. What will happen to me if I get pregnant? Pleasssssssse... Don't make me... please... I'm begging you... not thisssssss... Molly didn't pay any attention to her, just opened the door and forced her into the room, dragging her over to the marble table she know so well.

Stopping next to the marble table, she was ordered to take her clothes off. Molly paused for a moment, and then began undoing the buttons on the back of the dress. Kathryn could barely draw enough air into her lungs to stay conscious. Her whole body was quivering with every emotion she possessed, fear, shame, humiliation, excitement, and an overwhelming sense of helplessness. There was also a tremendous and undeniable sexual arousal flooding her, something that totally controlled her body. In her mind, she was shouting, "STOP, you can't do this to me, I'm a white girl." But the words were impossible to get out, and her body wanted what was going to happen.

By the time Ben entered the room, Kathryn was just stepping out of her dress, and he watched as she removed her chemise, and the baggy drawers that passed for underwear. His steady stare at her breasts sent waves of shame and humiliation through her body, which translated into more throbbing deep inside her cunny. He was holding the leash of the dog that had licked her to orgasm earlier that day. It was straining at the leash, trying to get to her; he seemed to know she was to be mated to him. She felt a twitching in her cunny, becoming wetter, and her clit ached, and throbbed, almost making her cum.

Molly led her naked to the marble table, and handed her a glass of something, ordering her to drink it. It was a sweetish, almost bitter liquid, and she almost couldn't swallow it, and when she did, almost couldn't keep it down. Asking what it was, Molly looked her in the eye, and said. "It's a potion that will make you beg for all the dog cock we can give you. It also settles in your belly so that it almost guarantees you will breed a large littler of puppies." Kathryn looked at her, eyes wide with shock, she knew this was it, and there was nothing she could do now. In that moment, any hope of a reprieve died, and the massive flood of shame, humiliation, and sense of helplessness, forced her to cum.

Even as she was in the throes of an excruciatingly pleasurable orgasm, Molly was pushing her face down on the table. Pumping her hips uncontrollably, and quivering like a tuning fork, Kathryn didn't realize she was being strapped down to the table. By the time her head was clear enough to think, it was done. She was surprised, and alarmed. This was something that hadn't been done to her for over six months. Struggling to free herself, she suddenly knew why. They wanted to make sure she couldn't get away... To insure she stayed, and submitted to the breeding. It was now forever burned into her mind; she could never refuse her beautiful black mistress. She was neither brave enough, nor strong enough to deny Molly anything she wanted.

Securely in place, her body bent at the waist, legs spread, and her cunny very open and vulnerable, she awaited her fate. Her fear was palpable, even as her breathing quickened almost to the point of hysteria. Tears formed in her eyes at the frustration, and inner conflict that she was feeling. Soon her womb would be owned by the dog that would breed her. She would be as good as his soon, no more than property to him. Molly had told her that that is the way it is for slaves, and dogs. She would be filled with his puppies and not available for breeding by any other dog until she gave birth. Sick with fear, and drowning in lustful feelings, she waited. There wasn't anything she could do about it now but hope she wouldn't catch, and her monthly would come. If she did catch, she was lost. All she knew was that she was going to be kept very full of the dog's very potent seed, and Molly had made sure she knew her belly was ripe, and the chance of impregnation was high.

Ben brought the dog closer. Close enough that his tongue could lash out and lick her slit. The first touch made Kathryn arch her back, involuntarily releasing a few drops of urine in her fear, and helping him with access to her whole sex. He licked again, cleaning her with his tongue, and then continued to lap up her juices as fast as they ran from her inner treasure. Molly meanwhile, was stroking her fingers up and down the length of her back, occasionally stroking all the way down over her ass. She let the dog lick her fingers, while she used Kathryn's own lubrication to slip her finger into her anus, and slowly stroked it in and out.

The combination of the finger stroking inside of her, and the licking of the dog, were driving Kathryn to distraction. She was beginning to feel strange, like her body weighed less somehow. The longer she was made to endure the sensations rolling through her body, the lighter she felt. Her eyes grew heavy, seeming to glaze over more with each stroke of Molly's fingers, and each swipe of the dog's snake like tongue. Eventually, she couldn't help letting her eyes fall closed, and she began to feel as if she were floating.

Kathryn was feeling each and every nerve ending in her body, as they combined to create a feeling of pure bliss. In her mind however, she was floating... floating and beginning to see herself, as if she were seeing a picture on the inside of her eyelids. She saw herself, small, naked, and very helpless. As she watched, she saw her breasts begin to grow, larger and larger, and her nipples were darkening, increasing in size, and length. How could this be she wondered, as she floated above it all? That's when she realized that her mind was allowing her to see her future.

She saw her belly begin to grow, swelling slowly. Before long, her breasts became huge, and slowed their growth. Her belly continued expanding, beginning to get big and round, stretching her skin tight, making it look smooth and soft. Soon she saw a dark line forming down the center of her belly. Her cunny lips were swollen, large and slack looking in a beautiful sort of way. They were a deeper reddish color, rather than their normal bright pink color. The darker color was further emphasized by a very wet and glistening slit between them.

She marveled at what she was seeing, admiring what she looked like pregnant, though in a detached sort of way. Kathryn knew that she was seeing herself growing as her pregnancy developed, even as Molly responded to dog driving her towards her own downfall.

Molly waited until she was sure Kathryn was under the influence of the witch woman's potion, and then took the leash from Ben, pulling the struggling dog away from his prize. Ben unbuckled his belt, and pushed his pants down and stepped out of them. He was totally unaffected by Molly's presence, it was something you got used to on a slave plantation, space was always a rare commodity.

Molly however, flushed at the sight of her brother's magnificent body, his broad shoulders, narrow waist, and very much more than adequate manhood. She slowly pulled the dog with her to the door; sorry that she had promised Ben she wouldn't watch them... as long as he did this for her. She wished with all her heart that she would've been able to see her pale, white skinned slave's belly filled with a fine healthy black baby. With a last longing look at her bound slave, she went through the door and closed it behind her.

Ben looked down at the beautiful sight before him. He admired the long smooth line of Kathryn's body, the stretched back muscles, the straining arms, and the soft plump cheeks of her spread open ass. He was so excited about what he was about to do to her, that he had to be very careful not to cum before he could start. He stepped back, and looked longingly at the source of his interest. Kathryn's sex was perfectly formed, with very plump and swollen outer lips, long inner lips, curving out and around a wonderfully pink, wet, and very open hole. Her lips continued up until they met at the junction of her clit... her very stiff and engorged clit, partly free from its confining hood. It was a

man's dream come true, so open and inviting.

Taking his cock in his hand, he placed it just below her clit, and drew it up between her bloated lips, spreading the slick juices over its broad head. He circled the head around her opening, in no hurry to finish, knowing he had all the time he needed. Back and forth, up and down, he swirled the head of his cock, until Kathryn in her haze, began to frantically seek his shaft. Slowly he pressed his cock home, taking very short light strokes, enjoying the sight of her inner wetness, making his cock look so black and shiny.

He watched as her pussy spread wide, stretching to take his girth, the inner lips beginning to push in and out with his strokes. Again, and again he thrust, sinking the hard shaft slowly, deeper and deeper into her core. The molten feel of her yielding body engulfing his, was pure ecstasy, and knowing for certain that when he had had his fill, he would pump huge amounts of his potent sperm deep inside of her, giving her his child. He closed his eyes so he could savor every single nerve ending in his cock, as Kathryn's tight silky treasure teased and stimulated his manhood.

On and on he thrust, seemingly to take forever, and finally faster, causing Kathryn to take a sharp inhale, before calming down again, her body rocking in a steady rhythm matching him stroke for stroke. Ben's hands held her hips, pulling her onto his cock as much as her bindings would allow. Kathryn's breath was becoming ragged, and her body was quivering. Her whimpering grew louder and more urgent, until her body was urging Ben to stroke harder, faster, and deeper. As his strokes became short and furious, she began a long drawn out moan, a tortured sound, unlike anything Ben had ever heard.

Suddenly, Kathryn's breathing stopped, her head came up, the cords in her neck were rigid, and her mouth opened in a silent scream, as she came hard on his cock. Once, twice, and then a third and fourth convulsion racked her body, as torturous waves of sublime agony washed over her.

Ben was brought to his own shattering orgasm by the sight of her body awash in ecstasy. He buried his cock deep, giving an extra hard thrust to seat himself firmly in her belly, and roared out the painfully ecstatic, and white hot bolts of pleasure shooting through his belly and cock as he spurted his baby cream, filling her pussy, and drenching her cervix over and over. Again, and again, his manhood shot his seed, lacing it deep inside her, where he prayed for it to do its intended deed.

Kathryn felt her body convulsing, long hard waves of intense pleasure flowing over her. She was experiencing the long drawn out orgasm that had been forced from her body by Ben's masterful strokes. All the while, she was seeing herself on all fours, with milk filled breasts, and a swollen pregnant belly, a dog mounted on her as she lay face down on the floor. Kathryn was imagining surrendering with all her heart, as she submitted, her ass in the air, and the dog thrusting frantically into her. She could see his seed overflowing, and seeping from her stretched cunny lips. This was what she thought was happening to her as she continued to float in her drugged state. She thought to herself, that it was so strange to watch herself made pregnant by a dog, totally unaware that it was Ben's thick black cock throbbing, and spurting inside of her.

Ben finally stopped his movements, and sagged for a bit. His previous couplings with other women had never been like this. This breeding of Kathryn had been a staggering experience; Of course, he'd never had another woman with the express intention of making her belly big with his baby before either, especially not a white woman. For years he had dreamed of having a white woman. He dreamed of it every time the master or overseer took a black woman for the night. This time it was the black man's turn... He was that black man. The fact that he was finally living his dream was so thrilling, that he stayed hard inside her, and slowly began a gentle thrusting, continuing until Kathryn began to push back against him again.

Molly reluctantly closed the door to the breeding room behind her. She was shaking with excitement. She was soaked between her legs, and her breasts were swollen. The mere fact of what was happening in the breeding room was enough to make her cum just before she left the room. Even as she closed the door behind her, her mind was swirling with thoughts of Kathryn's belly bulging with a black baby.

Not paying attention to what she was doing, she suddenly tripped on the slack leash, and tried to catch herself. As she fell, she tried to keep her feet under her. The result was her falling to her hands and knees with enough forward momentum that her dress flew up over her head. Stunned for a moment, she grasped a bar to one of the cages to steady herself, totally unaware of the sight she presented to the dog behind her. Trying to clear her head from the unexpected tumble, she reacted too late to the danger from the excited dog.

He was instantly on her back, his cock searching for her cunt, and finding it almost immediately. His huge cock forced its way deep into Molly's already soaking wet opening, causing her to squeal in surprise, at the sudden unexpected pleasure pain. Molly desperately fought to get away, the sudden mounting and penetration causing her mind to instantly relive the rape she'd suffered through six years before. Struggling as hard as she could, Molly tried to get away, but the dog was much bigger and stronger than she, and it was a losing battle right from the start.

The furious thrusting of the animal, forced her to relive her escape attempt six years before. She instantly recalled the overseer, and all the white neighbors sitting their horses, watching her shame and humiliation as the dogs took turns fucking her. They had run her down and caught her within a few hours. The dogs got to her first, and had torn her clothes off, just as they were trained to do with female slaves. One of the larger dogs was mounted, and inside of her before the posse had ridden up. They sat there on their horses, and made bets on how many times the dogs would mount, and laughing at her shame. She had hidden her face in her arms, having to go down on her elbows to do it. That had just caused more jeers, and comments about how she must really love what was happening to her.

Finally realizing where she was, and there was no one jeering and laughing at her, Molly calmed down a little, at least enough to find that her body was responding to the huge cock and knot filling her. She marveled at the building pleasure deep in her core, and suddenly realized something that stunned her. It wasn't the fact that the dogs had fucked her over, and over that had caused her to deny herself the feel of a man for all these years. It was the disgusting overseer, and the men on horseback, and the shame they forced her to endure as they watched and made vile remarks about her.

She had finally collapsed, and they had thrown her naked body into a wagon, and hauled her back to the plantation. Molly had worn chains for the next two years as punishment. That was the day she began planning, patiently watching Kathryn, and guiding her towards the first day she accepted orders from her on what to wear.

Molly felt she had been freed of a massive weight. Knowing what had been buried in her deep in her mind for so long, and having it come out because of what was happening to her now. Everything was appearing in a whole new light. She closed her eyes, and concentrated on what she was feeling... real pleasure for the first time in a very long time, even better than when Kathryn was made to service her.

Molly was soon panting heavily, and lowered herself onto her elbows to take some of the strain off her arms, and to help prevent the animals thrusting from shoving her forward across the floor. Soon enough, Molly was whimpering with unbridled passion. It had been soooooo long since she had

been taken like this. Faster, and faster the dog's cock pounded into her, forcing his knot in just before it would have become too big to enter. Molly groaned at the remembered pleasure pain of its penetration.

Within seconds, his cock and knot had begun to swell, stretching her pussy, and filling her completely. She rocked back and forth with the powerful thrusting of her lover's rigid shaft. Molly's pleasure quickly rose to a pinnacle of bliss, until she finally fell into ecstasy on the other side. The intense rapture she was feeling as her pussy clamped down as hard as it could, pulsing with a rhythmic clenching that made her head swim. The dog's cock began to shoot massive streams of hot cum deep into her hungry pussy. Her cunt muscles were trying very hard to wring every last drop of his seed into her womb. They milked his rigid shaft in an age old battle, fighting to suck every gram of sperm from his huge balls, hungry for his boiling hot cum. On and on they struggled in the throws of passion, violently mashing their bodies together uncontrollably, unable to stop, until finally both slowly wore down.

There on the floor, on her hands and knees, Molly tried to recover from the first earth shattering sex with a cock, in years. The dog was still mounted, still swollen, and continuing to throb and shoot spurts of seed into her. She was devastated, almost totally spent. Resting her head on her forearms, resting and enjoying the slowing throb of the dogs cock, she thought of her plan. It had to work. She couldn't stand it if something stood between her and having total power over the plantation... power over everyone, and everything on it. Soon... She would know soon... and heaven help anyone who got in her way.

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## **Part Six**

For Kathryn, the next five days were a combination of erotic dream, and extreme physical ecstasy, interspersed with visions of her body mounted by a huge dog that was continually pumping gallons of his burning hot seed deep into her soaking cunny. She saw in her minds eye, her sex was flooded with doggy cream, her womb sucking up the hot whitish fluid like a sponge. The vision of all that seed assaulting her eggs... fighting their way in, with one single successful sperm for each egg, terrified her so much, but the fear only made her more excited, and made her cum uncontrollably.

Her fevered mind prevented her from running. She had given up the impulse to run, to get away from Molly, knowing that it could never happen. Every time she thought of getting away, Molly would make her do something that degraded her further, and her body would betray her with its desperate need and desire for the forced sexual release she had become addicted to. The deeper the humiliation was felt, the more powerful her desperation for a massive sexual release. She was trapped by the needs of her own body.

Even in her drugged fog, she was giddy with fear... The fear of what Molly was having done to her. She was strapped down for her breeding at first. She remembered the embarrassment of being taken in front of all the house slaves, and knew that many of the field slaves must know about her by now... Gossiping about the little white girl Molly had made into her doggy slave and her shameful reaction when the dogs took her. Losing control of her body, she begged, and pleaded... Groveling like bitch in heat, forgetting who watched... Forgetting who witnessed her sexual frenzy, as her thoughts narrowed down until she could think of nothing but the huge iron hard cock stroking so wildly and deep into her traitorous sex.

Molly used Kathryn's own excitement and the almost unendurably intense sexual bliss she felt while being forced to do the most humiliating things against her. She loved to watch as Ben's hard

glistening cock ever so slowly stroked in and out of her clutching cunny, the lips making it look as if they were sucking on his black shaft with each withdrawal. Each time he came inside her, she loved seeing his seed appear around his cock as it oozed out, making a white ring around his black shaft before finally enough had overflowed to run down over her clit, or the crack of her bottom as the case may be.

Kathryn was never allowed to become totally conscious during her breeding, but was closely watched and tenderly cared for by both Molly and Ben. They wanted to make sure of conception, so Ben mounted her three times during the day, and once again during the night, though whether it was for Molly's peace of mind, or because she used that opportunity to visit the dogs in their cages, was open for debate.

On the fifth day, Ben gazed at Kathryn's impassioned face, head turned to the side, mouth open, and her chest rising and falling with her ragged breathing. She lay on her back, feet in the air, her legs spread wide, held there by his strong hands wrapped around her ankles. Looking down, he watched as his glistening ebony shaft drove relentlessly in and out of her perfectly formed womanhood. The sight of her inner lips disappearing with each deep thrust, and then reappearing as he withdrew, was to be savored as a rare and beautiful thing. He felt almost faint with the torturous ecstasy of sight and sensation. He could feel the grip of her reddened and swollen outer lips, and powerful inner muscles with every nerve in his thick cock, making him feel as if he could explode at any moment, making him slow the pace of his thrusting, not wanting to cum too soon. This might be his last chance to have Kathryn for a long time. He knew his sister... She wouldn't let him make a habit of taking her young white slave. She would insist on waiting to see if Kathryn was pregnant, and when and if she is, then she wouldn't want to give her anymore potion... Nothing that could hurt the baby, and he understood her thinking. She had the future of every slave on the plantation to think of, not to mention the dream she had worked towards ever since she was caught trying to escape six years ago.

While Ben was busy in the breeding room, Molly was in the process of being taken for the ride of her life in the kennel. She had let two of the biggest dogs out into the central hallway, and even now, was on all fours with one of them buried past the knot in her sodden pussy. She was down on her elbows, her ass high in the air, back arched as the bigger of the two pounded her slit like a trip-hammer, causing her to moan in time with his powerful thrusts... Uhffff... Uhffff... Uhffff... Uhffff... In a rhythm as fulfilling and steady as any girl could wish for. Her face was resting on her arms, her ample breasts swinging back and forth, her nipples brushing back and forth on the polished floor.

At this moment, Molly didn't want to think of anything but her own satisfaction. She desperately needed to take her mind off Kathryn for a while, and the feel of the dogs huge, thick cock definitely was doing that. It been a long time since she had thought only of herself, and right now she was unable to think of anything beyond her coupling with the beautiful dogs. The dog that was mounted on her had his head on her shoulder, right next to hers. She could see him from the corner of her eye, his tongue hanging out as he panted. His knot was buried deep inside her, swollen to huge proportions, locking her to him, and had been so almost from the first thrust into her sopping cunny. The second dog was circling her, waiting his turn, and licking her where ever he could. There was hardly any sound, just the dogs panting, Molly's ragged breathing, and the wet sounds of sex. She rested her forehead on her hands, unable to think beyond the blissful feeling in her belly, and was happy to have only that to think of for now.

It wasn't often that Molly let herself have this pleasure, always afraid of being caught by her brother, or heaven forbid, if it was the overseer. At least she didn't have to worry about that tonight, he had been called into town for some unknown reason, and knowing how far it was, knew it would take him hours to get back. Ben would take as long as he could; this was his last chance to be with

Kathryn, for a while at least, depending on how things went.

She knelt there under the big dog luxuriating in the intense feelings caused by the fullness... The stretched feelings, that little pleasure/pain that hurts so good, putting pressure on her clit from the inside and causing all kinds of sensations to shoot through her belly. Her nipples were hard, the areolas puckered from the stimulation of rubbing on the smooth floor creating tingles that reached right down to her sex.

Molly was being forced closer and closer to the edge. She felt the building urgency of her coming orgasm more and more desperately, silently repeating over and over, a mantra in her mind "Don't stop... Don't stop... Not... Not now, not yet" timing each word in her mind with her breathing and the thrusting of the heated shaft deep inside of her. Over, and over, and over again, faster and faster it repeated itself in her mind, until she felt the rush of ecstasy overtake her, exploding like a starburst in her belly and radiating out to the rest of her body like ocean waves lapping at a beach. Her eyes clamped shut and her mouth opened, but nothing came out, her lungs were frozen in that instant of total and extremely blissful agony, as she felt her lovers burning seed fill her, it's heat adding to her rapture. It was long minutes later before she felt herself begin to come down from a peak so long awaited.

She knelt there, slightly dazed and unable to tell how much time had passed as she wallowed in the afterglow of the moment. She was just barely aware of one dog dismounting, and the other mounting her immediately. She moaned in a deeply appreciative tone, as she felt another huge cock spread her slippery lips and push its way in deeper and deeper until it was buried to the hilt. Quickly, his knot began to swell; his cock extended in length and became thicker. Any thoughts not connected with what was happening in the here and now for her, were driven from her mind as her new lover began to work his magic inside of her.

Ben gazed down at an exhausted Kathryn and admired her lovely form as his fingers grazed over her neck, and then moved lightly over her breasts, pausing to pluck softly at each nipple. He continued his wanderings, moving his hands to the insides of her thighs as they lay spread before him, loving the soft tender skin there, so pale and silky smooth to the touch. She looked so innocent in her drugged state. Of course he knew she WAS innocent, knew too, that she couldn't help what her body felt, or how it betrayed her, causing her so much humiliation, and thus extreme excitement due to a quirk in her nature. It was such a profound excitement, she was unable to resist. No matter how often she was humiliated, she never lost her ability to feel even deeper shame when that excitement was pointed out to her, causing her uncontrollable physical pleasure by what ever, or who ever touched her, especially the dogs. The more people that witnessed her shame, the less she could control what happened to her, or how she felt. Ben found a certain beauty in that, almost a love of what she was.

He hoped with all his heart that he had given her his baby, even if Molly insisted she must believe she is pregnant with puppies. It was vital to what ever plan she had for all of their people here on the plantation. He knew about when she would begin to come out of her drugged state, and he was told it was important for a dog to be mounted on her, and in her when she realized where she was. She must never suspect that she carried a black mans baby. He was also to time the dogs mating so that at least two were whelping at the time Kathryn was due, so that a seamless exchange could be made to cover the lie. Sighing, he backed away, lowering her legs so that she would be comfortable, but placing a folded blanket under her bottom so that none of his seed would leak out. After all, there was no sense in taking any chances he thought.

Ben was going to his small cubby hole at the back of the kennel, but stopped dead in his tracks when he opened the door and saw his sister Molly there on the floor with two dogs. He stopped and



backed out quietly, leaving the door open a few inches so that he could see what was going on. His eyes were just about bugging out of his head at the sight before him. He had come in just as one dog was getting down from Molly. He had to put his hand over his own mouth to keep from gasping out loud. The second dog mounted immediately after the other's dismount, and he heard his sister give a moan that would make a priest hard, and he was no priest.

There knelt his sister, and from what he could tell, she was every bit as helpless against the dogs as Kathryn was. It didn't even seem as if she cared what the world thought at the moment, she was totally absorbed in what was being done to her, kneeling there in a world of her own. Everything was silent, no sounds except the heavy panting of the dog, and Molly's ragged breathing mixed with the wet slapping, sucking sounds of mating. Ben could see her breasts swinging back and forth, not huge, but well formed and desirable with their puckered nipples, moving back and forth so fast they almost seemed to be filled with water. God it was so beautiful, even if it was his sister and he shouldn't be looking. Of course she watched him with Kathryn, but that was different in his mind, women weren't supposed to do that sort of thing, at least not HIS sister. As he heard her begin to make grunting noises each time the dog slammed into her, he slowly back out and began to close the door, angry for being too weak to stop looking sooner. He soothed his conscience with the thought that it must have been the shock of seeing her that way... She had always been sure to look so in control or everything. He'd never seen this helpless side of her, and he thought he liked this side very much. It gave him a new insight into what drove her to reach for her freedom so hard. It was so she could make choices for HERSELF, not have them made for her the rest of her life, and the thought that she was including every slave on the plantation in her bid for freedom made him suddenly proud of her. Yes... Pride... That was what it was, and he closed the door.

Ben went back to Kathryn, and decided another quick mating couldn't hurt anything. His sister would be a while yet. She arched herself up at him as he slowly eased his throbbing cock back into her silky purse, taking the time to savor each little nerve ending as he made his way deeper and deeper. He saw traces of his sperm forced out of her cunny as he gently began to rock back and forth. In a few moments, Kathryn's hips were rising to meet each thrust. They rocked with perfect unity against each other, neither feeling the urge to hurry, both seeming to know the inevitable result, and wanting it to happen. Ben's head went back and he closed his eyes, putting all of his concentration on the feel of his manhood inside Kathryn. The sublime feel of her heat, wet and softer than silk inside, and the grip of her sex were like a hypnotic. It seemed reluctant to let him pull out, even for a little while before welcoming it back into her depths with a wiggle and a lurch of her hips.

On and on they rocked, Kathryn being gently urged higher and higher, her body becoming aware of its need for release soon. The more Ben tried to hold her to a slower pace, the more out of control her body seemed to become, until she was humping her hips wildly at him, moaning and making pleading sounds. Soon she was making a high keening sound as she bucked under him, her face red as a beet, and the muscles of her neck stood out like small cords. Her hands clutched frantically at his wrists, using them as an anchor for more leverage to thrust her hips higher and faster. Try as he might, Ben couldn't hold back, and poured his soul into her belly in great spurts. As the seed laced deep into her, Kathryn choked out an agonizing scream, and exploded in sound and fury, every fiber in her being seeming to be firing in joy, every part of her body frozen but her hips, which were wildly thrusting up at Ben. Her legs were clamped around his hips trying to pull him deeper, needing him deeper, until finally her spasms weakened her enough to collapse to the table, her breathing ragged and uneven. Both lovers were overcome with an almost overwhelming weakness, and Ben fell into her welcoming arms, feeling her slowly grinding herself against him in small circles as she began to come down from the heights.

In her mind, she had just been taken by one of the dogs. Thinking she was full of his seed made her shudder with another small convulsion, which was why she was grinding herself against Ben, though

he had no idea of the cause. She lay there dreaming she was watching her belly swelling, becoming bigger as she waited to whelp. She could feel her breasts fill with milk, her nipples leaking the sweet white nectar, and tingling with fullness. Soon enough, Kathryn was asleep, still dreaming her dreams, and wondering about her future life.